The Liberalist

Volume XXIX JANUARY, 1953 Number 9

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE NEW YEAR

Horatio Nelson Powers

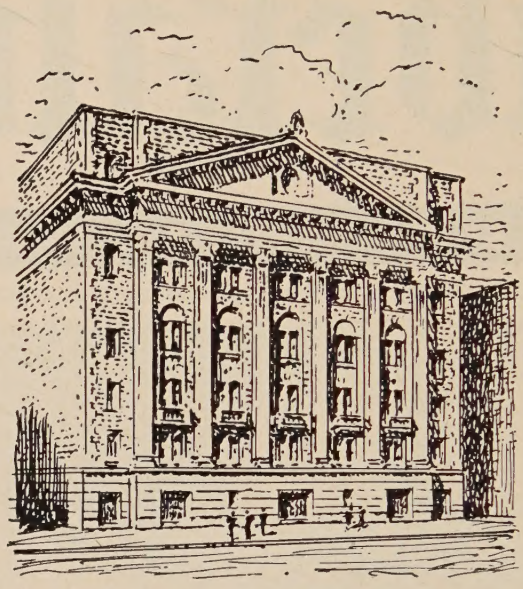
. . . . . .

A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade beneath the skies;

. . . . . .

This is the Year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

(From "One Thousand Beautiful Things"—Barrows)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THESE words are being written on Thursday, the 18th of December; one week from today will be Christmas day. You will be reading this article after the holiday season is over and we will be already across the threshold of the New Year. Every mail is bringing Christmas cards and letters all crystallizing the beautiful sentiments associated with the Yuletide. If I do not thank the readers, members, friends and radio listeners in this issue, it will be February before that pleasure will be mine. So although Christmas is a week away, I have already had enough evidence of your love and loyalty to make it a happy Christmas for us both. Our special Christmas programs in the church, our Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve services I will tell you about in the February number.

This is the 41st Christmas I have spent with the church I love as I love my life and, as at no other time during the year the Christmas Season, with its love and good will, compensates for every effort and makes the work throughout all the rest of the year a joy. It is one of the busiest parts of the year for me and yet everything seems to be done with less effort than at any other time. When you are doing things for love and love alone there is a compensatory inner tranquility.

I do not recall ever receiving more Christmas cards than I have received this year. In other days we used to put them all in one large box or basket and wait until Christmas day itself to open them. This box was always placed under the tree and much of Christmas afternoon would be spent in opening cards. It was a beautiful custom and a tradition I would have liked to preserve. But the last two or three years I decided to open the cards daily, as they arrived, both at the Study and at the Church. This has been done this year as well. The many hundreds I received compelled this change in what had been a beautiful tradition in my family for Christmas day. As the years have passed the number received has increased and I have learned that I now can come to Christmas day having read all the cards which have been sent. Every one is read carefully and each name awakens memories.

I think sending out Christmas cards is one of the loveliest of all the customs which are a part of the American Christmas tradition. You hear from people you thought had forgotten. Old memories are revived and frequently friendships which had broken apart are united again in the love which is Christmas. And whether the card is an expensive one, or just a little pencilled note on a simple little card, they are all equally precious. We are grateful for every one we have received and will reecive, and want everyone who remembered us with a Christmas or New Year greeting to know that their thoughtfulness will never be forgotten. They have brought courage and inspiration to us. It is our prayer that the Spirit of Good Will and of Love which finds its highest expression in the Holiday Season, might linger on in all of our hearts all the year ahead. If we can keep Christmas for a day, why not keep it for a year?

* * *

Beginning with this number of the Liberalist we will have many new readers. In December our subscription

list increased substantially because many readers and many who attend the services have subscribed to the Liberalist for friends in various parts of the country and throughout the world as well. Our magazine now goes to almost every state in the union and to seven foreign countries. To every new subscriber and new reader I extend by best wishes and hope that you will enjoy our church magazine and that each issue will bring you some moment of inspiration and encouragement.

Beginning with this issue we have changed the format of the magazine somewhat, necessitated by the constantly increasing cost of production. No one connected with our magazine receives any remuneration whatever. All expenses for it are paid from the church treasury and all subscription money goes into the church treasury. I welcome you as a new reader and if you find the magazine interesting and vital why not call it to the attention of your friends. We are anxious to widen the area of the influence of the church and the pulpit and never more so than at a time when freedom in religion and all liberal points of view are experiencing great resistance. We honor every person's church, we respect every person's creed and race. We are now facing an era of coercion and restriction which is creating fear in many hearts and compelling silence in many areas of thought.

True liberalism is and always has been the hope of civilization. That does not mean Communism or Facism or Nazism or any other of the abortive philosophies of government. True liberalism recognizes the right of every man to think for himself. True liberalism believes in remedying every condition in society, education, politics or religion which limits the full expression of the human personality. True liberalism believes in the dignity and greatness and potentiality of the human personality. True liberalism believes that the last word has not yet been spoken either in religion, politics or government. True liberalism believes in growth and progress. True liberalism believes that my rights end exactly where another person's begin. True liberalism means that I cannot preserve for the rest of the world freedom when I destroy that freedom in my own world. True liberalism is opposed to every form of tyranny. Many crimes have been committed in the name of liberalism. Some so-called liberalism has been the most tragic form of reaction. Some liberalism has been nothing but perverted conservatism.

Some liberalism, if followed out in its logical sequence results in confusion, chaos and decay. True liberalism is the basis for the peace of the future and the brotherhood which is the foundation of any religion worthy the name. This has been the thesis of my life and nothing has happened in my life which compels me to change my devotion or interrupt my loyalty. The true liberal believes in progress and sometimes when I read some of the articles in our better national magazines and newspapers, and even from some of the sermons I read and hear, I wonder what has happened that there are so many minds going back upon any idea of progress at all. I have had many frustrations and disappointments; I have seen many moments in human history when there has been a definite recession all along the line, but I still believe and preach that man was created for something high and noble and he will go stumbling and falling, and singing and weeping his way through the centuries, and each generation will find him a little higher, for he will go stumbling ever upward. There are many evidences that this

is happening in the world right now and so our little magazine will contain no word of defeatism, cynicism or despair.

As Principal Raymond V. Holt of the Unitarian College, Manchester, who is a friend of mine and for whom I have the utmost regard, said in a recent article which he called "What! No Progress?" published in the "Inquirer":

"It is fashionable at the present day to regard the idea of progress as an outworn survival of nineteenth century optimism. No doubt many people in the nineteenth century thought of progress as something taking place automatically and were blind to those failures for which mankind is now paying the price. But the denial of progress can be as superficial as the nineteenth century acceptance of it, and even more disastrous because hope drives men to act while despair paralyzes. . . . The challenge today is a more critical challenge than mankind has ever faced. If men respond to the challenge, then, even out of the chaos and evil of the present, a new and finer order will be brought in due time. But men can only meet the challenge if they keep their faith, and with it the hope, courage and patience which faith brings. If we are told that it is impossible for men to keep their faith in men as children of God in the face of present evil, I reply that it is not the present evil that has destroyed men's faith but the lack of that faith has brought about the present evil."

These are true words and I wish every profit of despair could read them. I think if there is any one factor which has been responsible for the long, long ministry which I have had through two wars and depressions, it is that I have put into every sermon I have ever preached, and into every book I have ever written, and every broadcast I have ever made and every lecture I have ever given, an affirmative, creative thought that man is ever struggling toward the stars. If there is a key to my work, there it is.

* * *

For many years I have been a member of the Chicago Literary Club. This club was organized many years ago and Dr. Robert Collyer, who was then the minister of Unity Church, was its first president. Dr. Collyer built Unity Church immediately after the great Chicago Fire. It is now the home for the Consistory. Dr. Collyer built this church on the corner opposite the Newberry Library. It is still a fine example of the ecclesiastical architecture of the period.

Membership in the Chicago Literary Club is not conferred lightly. It never seeks any publicity, its program is never published in the press, its membership represents a group of business and professional men who are interested in literary, philosophical and scientific matters. They meet every Monday evening in their club room under a definite formula and from which there is no deviation. The club program is carefully planned for the entire season. Members are invited to read papers on subjects of their own choosing. The one who reads the paper for the evening is introduced precisely at 8:15, his paper must be not more than one hour long, no extemporaneous comment is permitted. In this way the best thinking on a subject is made available to the members. Afterwards there are refreshments served, at which an informal discussion takes place, and emphasis must be put upon the word informal, because after the paper is read, the meeting is immediately adjourned.

I know of no organization quite like the Chicago Literary Club. I have been a member since 1926, and while it is

impossible for me to be regular in my attendance, whenever I do have a free Monday evening I always attend. Up until the present in the current year, I have been able to attend only one meeting. I was fortunate that the paper that night was read by Mr. Paul M. Angle, of the Chicago Historical Society, on the theme "How History Is Written." Mr. Angle substantiated what I have long felt, that no historical writer or one who writes historical fiction should take any liberties with historical facts. When an historical character is put into a novel the writer should never take any liberties with such an historical person. In other words the history that we get from the novel must be as good history as we get from an authoritative historian. There would be less myth grow up around historical characters if this were followed by all writers.

I was particularly delighted on the recent evening when I attended to see an old friend, Mr. Martin Stevers, who wrote the best book I think on the subject "Mind Through the Ages." While Mr. Stevers is a neighbor of mine now, and at one time lived in the same building, I see him much too seldom. On the evening in which I lectured on Mr. Stevers' book at the Wednesday Book Lectureship, he did me the honor of attending, and I introduced him to the audience. He is one of the most scholarly men I know and one of the most interesting.

* * *

In speaking of attending meetings rather than speaking at meetings, the other noon I attended the meeting of our Midland Society of Authors, where we had the unusual opportunity of hearing Mr. Vincent Starrett, an internationally known figure in the world of letters, columnist for the Book Magazine of the Chicago Tribune. Vincent Starrett has been a Chicagoan most of his adult life. I have known him many years and probably he is the best informed person on what has come to be known as the Chicago Renaissance, which originated in 1912 with the founding of the Poetry Magazine by Harriet Monroe. Mr. Starrett has been familiar with the whole literary development in Chicago. He had many interesting things to say and quoted profusely from his own autobiography, which is to be published by Knopf.

Mr. Starrett is pretty much of a recluse. He seldom attends any public function. He is busily engaged in his remarkable work which he does for the Book Magazine of the Tribune. He has one of the finest and most creative minds in the whole field of American literature and his name will ever be associated in our literary history with those who have acquired justified distinction.

The Midland Society of Authors is a group of men and women who have written and published books. I looked around at the meeting the other day and I saw half a dozen or more writers who are well known in the literary field: Lloyd Wendt, Van Allen Bradley, Mary Jane Ward and many others. They are an enjoyable group. I learned many things from being with them, and my own appreciation and understanding of literature is enhanced every time I am able to attend a luncheon.

At the meeting of which I am writing we all had a great surprise. Many years ago, during the Chicago Renaissance of literature, we were always invited to spend New Year's Eve at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Haenicken, who were then living on Fullerton Avenue. Many people now well known were unknown in those days and were just beginning their work. There was a young poet who was already creating a sensation by his poetry. Harriet Monroe had already published him.

Wherever people got together to talk about literature and poetry his name would inevitably come up. Later on he went to New York, and increased his fame as a poet. He is back in Chicago now, after his many years of roaming about the world and having many experiences with life. Vincent Starrett introduced him at the Midland Society's Luncheon. I wouldn't have known him, the changes which the years have brought have been so many. But when Maxwell Bodenheim was introduced I went back across the years to those evenings of literary discussions in the home of the Haenicke's. Mr. Bodenheim has written some poems which will live. I think in 100 years from now any anthology of American poetry will include at least two of this poems. We renewed our friendship of the long ago. Mr. and Mrs. Haenicken are both gone, two of their proteges who were very young in those days were Mr. Theodore Dumoulin, who became a cellist and Mr. Louis Ruskin, whom I knew well and who had a splendid singing voice, became the founder and owner of the Ford-Hopkins Drug Stores; and so with the passing of the years come the inevitable changes, and life moves on.

* * *

At this time of the year one sometimes goes over old journals. From the beginning of my ministry I have kept a daily record. Every funeral, every wedding, every engagement, people I have met, places I have gone—what I have been doing—all these things are recorded on the daily pages through the years.

Experiences both happy and sad which have come into my life are recorded there. I keep them all in my study closet, row after row of them. I was going through one of them the other day, one that belongs to many years back, and I found where Mr. T. P. (Tay Pay) O'Connor, member of Parliament, spoke for us one Sunday morning in The Peoples Church. I suppose this name will mean nothing to this generation of readers, but T. P. O'Connor was known around the world, one of the most interesting men I have ever met. When I was once in London I invited him, on his Chicago visit, to speak for me. He accepted and he did speak, although he was a very ardent member of the Roman Catholic faith.

Coming across Mr. O'Connor's name reminded me of the men and women who have stood in our pulpit through the years. I think you would be interested in reading some of them and knowing who they were. T. P. O'Connor spoke for us very early in my ministry. We can begin with him. Then there was Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the great actor who was playing Henry VIII here in Chicago at the old Illinois Theatre. I invited him to speak one Sunday and it was a memorable occasion, for it was the first Sunday after the United States entered World War I. He gave a great address. I have a copy of it still.

William Hodge, beloved of his generation in the great play "The Man From Home."

Frank Bacon, never-to-be-forgotten in the play "Lightnin'." Frank Bacon, during the Chicago run, lived not far from our church. He visited it occasionally and spoke in it while he was playing here. The pictures of these three men hang on my Study wall today and awaken many pleasant memories.

Thomas A. Wise, the grand old actor who first played in "The Gentleman from Mississippi," later in "The Old Soak," and who gave Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. his first part in the theatre. Thomas Wise spent many an

(*Continued on page* 21)

"DEEPEN YOUR ROOTS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, November 16, 1952

AT OUR little island home up in Northern Minnesota, on Lake Vermilion, a little island that is so precious to all who have ever known it and seen it and been a part of it and which holds so many lovely and imperishable memories for me, we had a beautiful balsam tree. It was one of the most magnificent balsams I have ever seen anywhere on the earth, and when we first saw it, nearly forty years ago, it was the personality of that balsam tree together with other delightful distinctions and allurements that attracted us to this little island of about four and one-half acres. That balsam tree, although I am not a botanist in any sense of the word, seemed to me the embodiment of tree perfection. Everyone who went around the little island always spoke of this particular tree. It was down quite close to the water's edge on a sloping rock. It was a very tall tree, and yet, all of the influences that enter into the making of a perfect tree apparently had centered upon making that tree the tree of all trees of its species. It was so beautifully symmetrical it had every attribute and characteristic of the noble balsam.

I have seen that tree in every month in the year, and in the winter months, when sometimes three and four and six feet of snow covered the island with its lovely coat of purity, that tree would stand out with such exquisite, delicate, indescribable green, that the white and the green blended in a symphony of beautiful color and it was an esthetic experience to one's soul just to see it, winter or summer or at any time. It had stood there impervious to every storm and wind; to every bit of lightning and tempest that could possibly be directed against it by the severe elements of the extreme northland. It was not far from the Canadian border. The winters were severe; the storms were challenging. It was a part of the experience to have thirty and forty degrees below zero on the little island in the winter, and an old caretaker who was there for many years, Gus Fogelberg, wrote me one winter, "Well, Goda" (that was our beautiful German Shepard who spent his entire life of fourteen years on the island and never left it) "and I took a walk this morning, and when we came back we took a look at the thermometer outside the cabin and it registered forty below zero."

That is a good thing to think about on this summer-like day in November. Well, that tree had taken every single challenge of nature. It had stood the velocity of wind; it had stood the cold, penetrating, devitalizing forces of winter; it had stood the brilliant heat, and the days can be hot there. I have seen them ninety and ninety-eight, and one summer, one hundred degrees on the island. It had stood against the extremes of its environment. We became so infatuated with the tree that our first concern every spring when we would go back to the little island would be to see that nothing had happened to our favorite tree. We had trees that were taller. There were twenty-seven white pine trees, some of them more than a foot through. There were many, many taller trees, but there never was

a tree that won our hearts' and our souls', affection like our friendly balsam. And probably one of the reasons why we loved it so much was because when the island was just a mass of tangled undergrowth, getting out from a row boat you could hardly walk ten feet into the island anywhere—it had been untouched by the hand of man, the title came directly from the United States Government, it had never had a house or a habitation—and the first time that Mrs. Bradley and Jimmy and I landed upon that little island we could only get up on the island far enough to get under this beautiful balsam pine, where we had our first lunch, cooking it on a rock nearby.

That tree came into our lives simultaneously with the whole island and it always had its identity. All through the years there wasn't a storm that touched it. We have some terrific wind storms and there were some near-hurricanes. Sometimes there was such intensity of lightning that the whole sky most of the night would seem as brilliant as daytime. I would stand often, as I was always a lover of the storm, and I would see the wind come out of the North. The tree was on the northeast side of the island and our worst storms came from the northeast. I would see that tree bend until it almost touched the earth. And I would say, "Oh, you beautiful tree, how lovely." And when the storm had quieted and the wind had calmed and that tree would stand in majestic splendor and triumph over every storm, I wanted to go out and put my arms around it and love it.

Then something happened one summer not too long ago. We'd had several days of unusual rainfall. The ground was soaked so that if you walked over that earth almost anywhere on the island you would sink into it while water would squeeze up around your feet. The island was just drenched. Rain, day after day after day after day—it just soaked the island, and for the climax, and it was unusual at the end of that period of rain, we had the worst gale I have ever seen in my life. And even though I have spent summer after summer, for thirty-seven years, on that little island, at least a part of each summer, I never experienced a storm like it. And, interestingly enough, I was asleep when it broke, for it broke in the middle of the night. The rest of the family was up watching the storm. As they stood looking through the windows at the lightning and the wind they wondered if something were the matter with me that I could sleep through the storm, and finally they came in my room and my son Jimmy said, "Are you all right? We are having a storm." And I said, "What is the matter? We have had lots of storms." And Jimmy said, "We have never had a storm like this one!" And he said, "You had better get up."

And I did get up, and went from window to window, and I couldn't see outside. And I heard beautiful trees crash outside and we heard the great limbs, some of them as big as trees, falling upon the roof, for the cabin is nestled in a group of towering pines, and in the midst of that horrifying experience there was only one thought I had and we all thought it together. I said, "Oh! I hope the balsam stands the storm." Jimmy said, "Don't worry about that tree. You can worry about every other tree on the island if you like, but not that tree. That's the one tree that will stand the storm and I'll bank on that," he said.

The storm endured for about an hour and a half longer, and then taking our searchlights around four o'clock in the morning we went out over the island to see what damage had been done; and the first place we went was

down by the sloping rock to see our balsam. And it had fallen! That tree, that one tree that we thought would escape the storm was on its side. We didn't speak for a moment. Then we started to examine it and we saw its great spread of roots pointing toward the sky. The last willowy, fluffy clouds were being tossed by the dying wind of the morning, and dawn was already beginning to come up over the point that was crowned with beautiful birch groves. And there we stood and looked at our fallen tree. I turned the searchlight onto the roots and I read the story. The tree that we thought was impervious, would be resistant to the capacity of meeting any challenge, had fallen. And when we examined the roots we found the answer.

Plain, plain as it could be. A great spreading area of roots, magnificent roots, but the rain of the days had softened the turf above the rock and softened it so that there finally came a wind that felled our tree. For only one reason; just one reason; not a dozen, not five, not ten reasons, just one, just one reason. Those roots through these years had spread out and out and out and out—out past the eight or ten inches of soil that was over the rock—and they had gone a little way down into a crevice here and a slight crevice there, but they kept spreading and spreading and spreading and the rain had softened the surface soil and the storm was an unusual tempest, and the tree fell because it had not deepened its roots. They were all on the surface. It was hanging on the surface and it fell.

Nearby was a great Norway, just near the point, and that Norway was a scrawny tree, not very attractive as majestic Central Norway pines usually are, but that tree stood and it has stood ever since. And that tree's roots I have seen creeping toward the water several feet down on the side of the island, pushing their way around great boulders and great slabs of rock. That tree's roots are deep. My beloved tree of beauty fell—it had no roots. Deep down into the foundation of its vines it fell.

With the coming of daylight Jimmy and I took a saw and we sawed about six or eight feet up from the roots of the tree, and neither one of us being lumbermen, there might have been an accident that might have been tragic, for the moment we sawed through the trunk and relieved the pressure of all the rest of the tree, those roots sprung, and the rest of that trunk, which we had sawed off, with one quick, mighty move flew back into the sky and it was so powerful it would have taken us both, or had it hit the saw there might have been a tragic accident. We both jumped aside and that whole tree trunk went back again and the roots went back and we planted vines around that stump and it is covered today with beautiful, beautiful woodbine until you can hardly see it. And I look at it again and again and I think—oh, my beautiful tree, you didn't put your roots down deep enough and you fell!

Why have I told you this simple little parable? I think I could close the sermon and say nothing more. I have told you this simple parable of the falling of a tree I knew and loved because I have seen so many lives, almost every day, falling before the winds and the storms of life. No pastor worthy the name but what carries in his heart the heartaches and the disappointments and the sorrows and the tragedies of broken, fallen lives. Every day of my life I meet one. I have talked with them in hospitals, in institutions, in jails. They come to see me at midnight. One night

this week, nearly midnight, there came a man with a broken heart and a broken home and a fallen life. And I face this question of deepening the roots of life every day of my life. So I thought I'd tell you this morning simply and humbly this little parable.

How about your life? Some of you may say, "Well, I haven't had the big hurricane in my life." Sometimes it doesn't take a big hurricane to fell the tree of life; sometimes it can be just a little storm. Some of you might say, "Well, I can handle it when it comes." Don't be too sure. I have heard that kind of bravado before. I've heard people say, "I can do this or I can do that; I can leave it alone; I'm the complete master of myself. Don't worry about me." I have heard that too. Then I've seen the storm break and their roots uprooted, and they wither and die. I have seen it.

Now, what about your life? What about mine? For the best preacher always preaches to himself, and every sermon is first his sermon before it belongs to the congregation or to other people. Deepening the roots of life! How deep are yours? Are they on the surface? Might the rains and the storms come and your roots will easily give way with the damp earth? Or are they deep? Think about that today, will you? Think about it all of you, wherever these words are going. Remember this—you'll not miss the storm! There'll be one! If you haven't had the storm of life, you'll meet one! Don't think you'll ever miss it—you never will. There'll be a storm! None of us ever misses the storm; perhaps we ought not to miss it. The storm's all right—it's good for us. We won't have to worry about how powerful it is if we put our roots down into the subsoil of the faith in God, faith in prayer, faith in each other; faith in the beauty of music; in the excellency of great literature. Shall it be faith in worship or in a transitory, ephemeral world? Are you trying to keep your roots alive in the storm with the effervescence of life, the foolish frivolities of life, the nothingness of it, and are you thinking you can stand the storm when it comes? Well you can't! *That* subsoil—that will give way. But you can put your roots deep.

Out on a crag that I saw in Colorado some time ago, on the way from Denver to Central City, is a road called the Shelf Road. Some of you might have taken it. And on one of the acute bends where you look down and it seems that you're in an airplane, the depth below you is very great. And on this curve I saw standing out there a small scrub of a pine tree. I couldn't see where its roots went; I couldn't see how it lived, and I said to my friend, Ed Zabriski, who was driving us up with his family, I said to him, "Ed, stop the car, I'd like to examine that tree." And I got out and I looked at that tree, and the roots of that tree were interwoven into the rock until the roots were longer and bigger than the tree itself. And I said, "There is a tree for you." Later that tree fell and they examined it because it was a landmark and it had stood there for years. But that tree fell! And do you know why? They found that inside the tree there were little wood termites that had eaten the heart out of the tree. So we need something else besides roots too, don't we? We need a sound heart within the tree of life—a sound heart and deep roots and we can let the winds howl and the lightning strike and the thunder roll, but we'll keep our faces toward the sky and we'll keep our lives reflecting the spirit of God.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

WE HAVE stepped over the threshold into a brand new year! But let us decide to take one day at a time, thinking of it as a new opportunity. Start the morning with a grateful heart for that day. When evening comes, adopt the attitude of a gentleman who invited Dr. Norman Vincent Peale to his office to show him the greatest invention of mankind.

Dr. Peale was intrigued, knowing the condition of the man and the difficulty he had been in. Arrived at the office, Dr. Peale asked to see the great invention. The man pointed to his waste backet.

"Why, that's just an ordinary waste basket!" "Yes," said the man, "but that's the greatest invention of mankind. You will remember that I was irritable and disagreeable, tormented in body and mind by the detail and routine of my life. Suddenly the thought struck me that I was trying to live too many days at one time; all those of the past and those yet to come, so that I couldn't give any attention to the day that I had. Now, instead of keeping one of those three-month calendars in my office, showing the past month, the present and the future one, I keep this calendar, with just the present day and date and the name of this month above it—a one-day calendar. At the end of the day I have a little ritual I perform."

"Tell me about the ritual," said Dr. Peale.

Going over to the calendar, the man tore off the day, crumpled it up and threw it into the waste basket. Then he closed his eyes in a moment of silent prayer.

"Of course my prayer isn't one such as you could make, Dr. Peale. I just have a little conversation with God, like this: 'Dear God, the day is over and I am sorry for the things I have done that I ought not to have done. I tried to do the best I could. The day is over, and I thank you for this day, God. Good evening, now, for I am going to dinner with Dr. Peale. Amen'."

Dear reader of the Liberalist, make up your mind for 1953 to begin each day with a little prayer to God for light to guide you that day. At night, thank God for the gift of one more day of life, and seek forgiveness for your shortcomings of the day.

If you will do this, I guarantee you will have a happier year.

May this be a Good and Happy Year for all our kind readers and friends and may God richly bless you.

BOOK CHATS

FOR years we in The Peoples Church have had printed on the front page of our church calendar used at every Sunday church service, this verse of Max Ehrmann's:

"Whoe'er thou art that entereth here,
Forget the struggling world and every trembling fear;
Here all are kin of God above—thou too, dear heart;
And here the rule of life is love."

On November 18th I received the following letter from Max Ehrmann's widow, Mrs. Bertha K. Ehrmann:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I must tell you how pleased and inspired I was with the beautiful service of The Peoples Church, your sermon and your warm greeting on Sunday, November 9th. And to find that verse of Max Ehrmann on the cover of the Bulletin on the very Sunday I was able to be there was just thrilling. I shall live on it for a long time.

Many times I have tried to hear you on WJJD but the static on that station always prevented it. Fortunately, last Sunday I could get it very well and so enjoyed your sermon on the tree and the wonderful application you made of it. I shall tune in every Sunday that I can. I am sending you a copy of "The Journal of Max Ehrmann" just published in which I think you will be interested. Enclosed are some comments on this book. I thought I had sent you the biography of Max but find I did not, so take the liberty of sending you that also. I do appreciate your kindly comments on his work which you gave me permission to use. If I did not send you the Poems and you or the church would care to have it I will gladly send you that also.

Many persons write me that Max Ehrmann has a message even in these chaotic times and my work has sustained me in his loss.

With my deepest thanks for all your inspiration.

Very sincerely,
Bertha K. Ehrmann

P.S. I have also letters of appreciation from Edward Murrow, Elmer Davis and Bertrand Russell.

In a later letter, written December 1st, Mrs. Ehrmann said:

"I am sending you the poems and know you will like many of them. To me some are almost like Psalms. That the verse of 'Who Entereth Here' is on the calendar all the time is beautiful to me. I am so glad you like the 'More Than The Dust.' When Max Ehrmann was writing that DePauw Ode I took out those stanzas and gave them that name for as you say, 'They are exquisite.'

"Yesterday I attended your entire service and heard everything perfectly. It was wonderful and your sermon so helpful. At last I have a church!

"The Book Review of the New York Times for Sunday, November 23rd has a column review of the Journal and it is beautiful. Also the Atlanta Journal had a splendid review, a two-column spread, large type and large picture. With my letters and your words I am very happy. Please use any of Max Ehrmann's writings as you wish.

"Thanks again for all the inspiration you and the church have given me."

* * *

Max Ehrmann was born in Terre Haute, Indiana. Widely known as a

scholar, poet and playwright, his writings give counsel for wise living, inspiring reflections on life and the eternal search for God. He was graduated from DePauw University, and afterwards spent two years at Harvard doing graduate work in law and philosophy. In 1938 DePauw gave him the degree of Doctor of Letters. He practiced law for several years, was a deputy prosecuting attorney and was connected with the business world for ten years. Then he retired to devote himself to literary work. He was married to Bertha Pratt King, graduate of Smith College, author and educator. His life was one of intellectual activity, concerned with the social problems of the day and the spiritual means of life. By his serenity, high moral idealism, and the nobility and beauty of his thoughts and language, he has elevated and enriched the life and literature of his time. He died on September 9, 1945. *The Poems of Max Ehrmann* was edited by Bertha K. Ehrmann and published by Bruce Humphries, Inc., in 1948, and by Max Ehrmann Publications, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Edwin Markham said of "A Prayer," "It has simplicity, majesty, tenderness. The words are worthy to be engraved on granite." O. L. Bockstahler, of Indiana University, said of these poems: "Here is much food for thought and inspiration for the soul . . . depth of spirit, calm repose and peaceful unity of life. Truly we need to pause in the turmoil of life for such a feast. A distinctly unique contribution to the literature of America. He has enriched and inspired our culture."

When a man as creative and sensitive as Max Ehrmann will come to terms with the problems before us all, his contribution is important. His thinking is in heroic mold. There never was a better time for the poems of Max Ehrmann than our own time today.

The verses which Mrs. Ehrmann culled from the DePauw Centennial Ode and titled "More Than the Dust" are quoted below:

MORE THAN THE DUST

How wonderful is man, how mystic human lives,
Exalted dust that knows the thrill of consciousness!
Of all our thoughts and deeds perhaps but that survives,
Which lifts mankind above its inborn selfishness.
The artistry that makes the earth so fair a sight,
The moon with borrowed gold, and many a caravan
Of suns meandering along the lanes of night—
All murmur mystical assurances to man.
When you, in bitter spirit, stamp across the stage
Of that inner theatre where so many parts you played,
May there be faith (to soothe your amateurish rage)
That He who wrote the manuscript knows well His trade.
To subtle, syllogistic quibbles give no heed—
The thisness and the thatness of salvation's plan.
But write across your consciousness the sacred creed:
Man's love of God is measured by his love of man.
Of metaphysic certitude make no pretense;
But, silent and in awe, gaze on the cosmic sight,
Ennobled by humility and reverence,
As science pushes back the curtains of the night.
Other unnumbered centuries will come and go
In man's adventure on this restless grain of dust.
Why all this learning, if we do not strive to know
The Road, the Inn at Night, the Keeper that we trust?

The contents are assembled under various section-headings, such as On the Shores of the Sky—Rebellion—Interpretations — Prayers — Little Sermons—Days and Places—Sundown and many others. Under the section

"The Crowded World," I turned to a poem I love:

IF YOU HAVE MADE GENTLER THE CHURLISH WORLD

If you have spoken something beautiful,
Or touched the dead canvas to life,
Or made the cold stone to speak—
You who know the secret heart of beauty;
If you have done one thing
That has made gentler the churlish world,
Though mankind pass you by,
And feed and clothe you grudgingly—
Though the world starve you.
And God answer not your nightly prayers,
And you grow old hungering still at heart,
And walk friendless in your way,
And lie down at last forgotten—
If all this befall you who have created beauty,
You shall still leave a bequest to the world
Greater than institutions and rules and commerce;
And by the immutable law of the human heart
The God of the universe is your debtor,
If you have made gentler the churlish world.

Under the section called "Where Love Abides," I find this:

LOVE SOME ONE

"Love some one—in God's name love some one—for this is the bread of the inner life, without which a part of you will starve and die; and though you feel you must be stern, even hard, in your life of affairs, make for yourself at least a little corner, somewhere in the great world, where you may unbosom and be kind."

In his Little Sermons is one on God:

"Somewhere, once, I expressed a belief in the certainty of God. And I was challenged to tell what God is. But I could not. Much less could I tell what He is than an insect could tell what I am. But there is something in this universe which is more than we—Oh, very much more than we—painter, architect, inventor, consummate genius, who built the house of the universe, and overlaid it with emerald, gold, and sapphire and garnished the dome with the star-tapestry of the night; who planned the course of the sun, and of the moon; and built the iris temples of the sunset clouds; and planted the longing for love in the heart of the world; and made the sea and the moan of the sea; and made the laws of his house honest, unchanging laws, for man to learn and labor by, in gladness and peace. And this is something more than we—oh, very much more than we—surely this is God!"

When once I open a book of Max Ehrmann's writings it is very difficult indeed to know when to stop turning the pages and cease quoting. I feel I must share every page with you.

* * *

In 1951 Bertha K. Ehrmann wrote *Max Ehrmann, A Poet's Life,* which was published by Bruce Humphries, Inc. In this biography, Mrs. Ehrmann has frequently quoted from his Journal which was soon to be published and then has given many reminiscences of his early experiences in writing, in law and in business. There are "lovely glimpses of his life that succeed one another like softly lighted tableaux," as was expressed by Dr. Harry V. Wann, of Indiana State Teachers College. The book begins with the year 1848, when Max Ehrmann's father, a youth of 19, set out from Bavaria to come to the United States. This is a small book of only 118 pages.

* * *

Next, in 1952, was published *The Journal of Max Ehrmann,* by Bruce Humphries. For twenty years Max Ehrmann wrote in this Journal and from these pages certain passages containing the essence of his thoughts have been selected. Rupert Hughes says of it: "I have been hoping to find words to express my continued and enlarged

admiration for the prose and poetry of your husband. I have kept this Journal on my desk and dipped into it continually, at random, always finding something wise, beautifully thought out and expressed. There is a wonderful variety of subjects and moods and this book is already a classic. Please believe me proud to possess it."

On September 26, 1923, Max Ehrmann wrote in his Journal—"Today I am fifty years old. I shall visit the graves of my parents; after that I shall go into the woods and sit for a long time. I shall think of things past, take an inventory, and plan for the future. This is my last entry in this Journal. I must write something that can be published and that people will buy. I must put this companion aside. As long as in this Journal I find means of expression, I am not much tempted to write other things. Therefore, goodbye, dear Journal. You always heard me out to the end, when thought urged me to expression. You gave me solace. In the future you will be a memoir of my younger self. You are a lovely part of my past.

"Come now, New Times, New Problems."

Then, under a heading "1923," and the date February 2, appears the following entry: "Several months have passed since I gave up my Journal. I thought never to write in it again, but I need it. I shall continue to write of the wanderings of my mind.

"Will you, too, inglorious scribbler, speak of life, whereon men for ten thousand years have pondered? Yet none of the sages of old times had as much knowledge as a modern school boy, though they had much more wisdom."

The Journal is continued through December 27, 1936.

The last line of his Journal reads:

"Insight and serenity; above all, serenity."

Dr. Bradley's January Book Reviews

Jan. 7—"Our Appointment With Destiny" by Ernest L. Klein
Jan. 14—"The Old Man and The Sea" by Ernest Hemingway
Jan. 21—"East of Eden" by John Steinbeck
Jan. 28—"This I Believe" edited by Edward P. Morgan

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THINKING about the message of the Mail Bag this month, my thoughts are still in December, for as I write these lines we have not yet celebrated Christmas, though you are reading these words after the coming of the New Year has been celebrated. I have just finished rereading the greeting from Dr. and Mrs. Bradley on the cover of our December Liberalist. In that message you remember they said how much finer in thought and deed we might grow if the spirit of the Christmas Season

could remain with us throughout the year. I got to wondering what name was given to the Christ spirit before Christ was born. Surely there was loving kindness for others in the world before the Master came to earth. The eternal spirit of God's love must have been in existence always. What a comforting thought is the eternity of love —something that is always present, and always has been here with us.

Just last evening my friend Elfrieda said: "Do you know, Ethel, I believe the fact that I was in such pain and physical difficulty at the time of your Aunt's death was a very helpful thing to you at that time. You were so busy feeling sorry for me and trying to comfort me and be helpful to me that you had no time to even think for a minute about your grief and your loss. You were just so busy thinking of someone else it helped you over the bad time." And I realized the truth of what she said.

Not only was my friend Elfrieda needing my help and thought, but another friend was rather desperate about that time over the need of a place to live. Illness in the family where he was staying necessitated having a nurse on hand permanently and the room he occupied was needed for her. He telephoned me of his plight just three days after my Aunt's funeral. And so it happened that I could have these two friends come to live with me at the time when my own home seemed so cold and empty and bare. It was a busy time getting the necessary changes and adjustments made to accommodate the newcomers—there was no time for looking back or sorrowing. Never have I known of a situation more beautifully taken care of. The spirit of Christ and of love was there. A blessing has been brought to three people which will linger on throughout the New Year. Now we call ourselves The Three Musketeers who must stick together through joy and through vicissitudes, in pleasant or stormy weather. And three people are very grateful.

I have put this little personal item in the Mail Bag thinking it may give a helpful idea to someone who is lonely or sad. Remember, you are always surrounded by the spirit of love, if you will but realize it. Begin right now to look around you for someone to help or to whom you can bring a little comfort. For if the spirit of love and helpfulness is in your heart, the avenue will open up where you can spread that love and helpful attitude. Perhaps the opportunity may come right in your own neighborhood.

There is one avenue right in the Uptown district—the Uptown Lions Welfare Depot, at 1464 W. Montrose Avenue. Mr. A. S. Adams telephoned Dr. Bradley one day at the Study and said if Dr. Bradley knew of anyone in need to send them to that address on Montrose Avenue. The Lions wanted to help. From that day to this Mr. Adams has been a busy man. The most amazing report came to Dr. Bradley's desk this past week of some of the people who have been helped; people in the most varied difficulties: needing medical treatment; needing a place to live near their doctor because of blindness or a crippled condition; needing a stove repaired because of being on relief and not able to get the service needed; some shut-in needing a radio repaired; someone needing to get in touch with relatives; a boy needing release from St. Charles, and many other cases of help of various kinds given through this agency of the Lions Club.

What could you do to help Mr. Adams in his fine work? Perhaps you have some good clothing for children or adults that you could donate and take to the Depot. Perhaps you could

tell Mr. Adams what kind of help you might give and ask him if he has need of you. Perhaps you only need to sit down and think of someone you know whose life could be brightened by some little thing you might do. Just let the spirit of love work through you and the spot where you live will be brightened, and 1953 will be a happy year for you and for everyone your love rests upon.

Before we look at the letters in the Mail Bag, I want to give you this little poem that popped out of it in a copy of the "Austin Lite." It seems like a good idea with which to start the New Year:

WHY NOT THINK?

It's a little thing to do,
Just to think.
Anyone, no matter who,
Ought to think.
Take a little time each day
From the minutes thrown away—
Spare it from your work or play—
Stop and think.
You will find that men who fail
Do not think.
Men who find themselves in jail
Do not think.
Half the trouble that we see
Trouble brewed by you and me
Probably would never be
If we'd think.
Shall we then consider this?
Shall we think?
Shall we journey hit or miss,
Or shall we think?
Let's not go along by guess
But rather to ourselves confess
It would help us more or less
If we'd think.

* * *

Nina E. Babcock, of Cedar Springs, Michigan, sent Dr. Bradley a copy of the Cedar Springs Clipper, and in the editor's column, entitled "As the World Wags," she told of a visit to Chicago to attend the National Editorial Association and then added the following:

"Sunday morning we went to hear Dr. Preston Bradley at The Peoples Church. To us who have heard him countless times on the radio, it was a new and inspiring experience to see and hear him in his own pulpit. Over the pulpit is the inscription: 'Live a life of faith and hope! Believe in the mighty power of truth and love.'

"This is the doctrine which Dr. Bradley believes and preaches. After the sermon we went over to speak to him, and he seemed pleased that we did. He is a native of Linden, Mich., and has fondest regard for our state.

"He flattered us by asking questions about The Clipper, and he requested that we send him a copy. We'll do it this week, and then Dr. Bradley will know how much it meant to the country editors to be in his congregation last Sunday."

The paper in which the above quotation appears is dated November 20. The next week Dr. Bradley received another Cedar Springs Clipper, dated November 27, with the following paragraphs in the editor's column:

"Last week we wrote about visiting Dr. Preston Bradley's church in Chicago. And a Clipper reader writes that she enjoyed that reference. She went to school with Preston Bradley and they appeared in a school play together, she as Portia and he as Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' She also writes: 'He had the dearest mother. She took her last breath out on an errand of mercy.'

"So again we're sending a copy of The Clipper to Dr. Bradley, as we did last week, and he will know that the writer of the above message is our good friend, and his, Mrs. Betty Allie of Birmingham, Michigan."

Dr. Bradley was delighted with these clippings, and so was his sister, Mrs. Russell Judson, who is temporarily visiting him. It happens that the Mrs. Allie referred to is her very good friend though Cedar Springs is way up near Grand Rapids, and Mrs. Judson lives

in Linden, in the vicinity of Detroit. Mrs. Allie is a very prominent Michigan woman, the only woman ever appointed to the Pardon Board of the State of Michigan, and she has been Secretary to several of the Governors of Michigan.

It is always a delight to have visitors come to The Peoples Church from other cities, and this was such an interesting outcome of one visitor's reactions that we wanted to share it with our readers.

* * *

The following letter came from Mrs. Sangernebo, a member of our Woman's Club, and the mother of Mrs. Vera Flandorf. Most of our members know Mrs. Flandorf as the husband of our former organist and choir director and a very interesting person in her own right. Her mother says:

Dear Dr. Bradley: Without being extravagant in my praise, I wish you to believe I was filled with wonder at how much you were giving to those who heard you this morning. Your thoughts are spoken so magnificently—thoughts which instruct, uplift and stimulate to honest action. I am sorry Vera was not here to hear it. She sings in a church Sunday mornings for a soloist who has a virus infection, and has not been able to sing at her church for eight weeks. Vera is holding the position for her.

As a radio listener, I enclose a small check. With all good wishes,

Sincerely,
Emma Sangernebo.

* * *

On November 24th, Dr. Bradley addressed the Hotel Sales Management Association at the Drake Hotel on "25 Years of Progress." Dr. Bradley was introduced at the Convention Luncheon by Mr. Leonard Hicks, Director of Public Relations of the Pick Hotels Corporation and Manager of the Congress Hotel of Chicago. In the Mail Bag we find a letter on the letterhead of Leonard Hicks, Jr., and Associates, Hotel Representatives, and signed by Leonard Hicks, Jr., as follows:

Dear Dr. Bradley: I may not have been attending hotel conventions quite as long as Dad; however, I have been present at most of the sales managers' conventions since 1937. The talk you gave to our hotel sales management association group Monday was the finest, most humorous and most inspiring talk that I have ever heard.

Your talk added so much to the success of our anniversary convention, and believe me, words are inadequate to express our appreciation for your being with us.

Leonard Hicks, Jr.

* * *

Another grateful letter came from the Executive Director of the Park Ridge School for Girls:

Dear Dr. Bradley: Your talk at the assembly service of our School was the highlight in our Thanksgiving observance. I am sure that many of the girls expressed their enjoyment and appreciation of your message when you so graciously greeted them individually, at the close of the service. Many comments were heard after you had gone which assured us of the sincerity in their thanks and the value of impressions left with them. We want you to know that the staff also greatly appreciated your message and thank you for coming.

We hope that your Thanksgiving was made more enjoyable in the knowledge that you had given encouragement and increased the faith of the girls of our School.

Myrtle Louise Duckworth,
Executive Director.

* * *

Mr. Hugh R. Porter, Attorney at Law, of Chicago, wrote Dr. Bradley and enclosed a poem from one of his books of poetry. We quote from his letter:

"Your sermon last Sunday was one of the most practical and most helpful sermons I have ever heard and my wife has expressed the same sentiments. I wish the entire world might have heard it. We plan to attend your service next Sunday evening, and we sure will not miss your morning broadcast."

The sermon to which Mr. Porter especially referred was the one entitled "Are You Cracking Up?" We give you below just one verse of Mr. Porter's poem "Why Worry?"

Why do mortals fret and worry
O'er the petty things of life?
Why the hurry, fuss and flurry,
Endless care and needless strife
Over things that will not matter
Anyway or anyhow
To a mortal man now living,
In a hundred years from now?

* * *

Mrs. Betty R. Jelinek invited Dr. Bradley to speak at the Cicero Woman's Club on their Reciprocity Day program. In her letter of thanks, as the Program Chairman, she said:

"I thought you would be interested in hearing what one of the ladies said to me after the meeting. All her relatives are living in Czechoslovakia. She first thanked me for bringing such a wonderful speaker to the meeting and then said that you had done more for her than any doctor could possibly do. I answered her by suggesting she attend your church, as I'm certain she would find great solace, as I know what your services do for me."

* * *

Our readers will be interested in seeing the following letter, which is entirely self-explanatory:

Dear Dr. Bradley: A few days ago a friend gave me a copy of The Liberalist to read. It was the September issue and in it I found an article about your trip to Dublin, Ireland; also of your meeting with Garland C. Routt and wife. I was very interested in the article, as Garland is my son.

They were here for a visit in September. There was one mistake in the article, for it said they were from Sullivan, Illinois, and it should have been from Sullivan, Indiana.

They have returned to Dublin for two more years. I was very thankful they could be at home for a short time and will be happy when they return to the U.S.A.

I want to thank you for speaking so nicely of my son and his family. His father and I listened to your sermons years ago, but he left us five years ago. So I am here, trying to carry on. I have a daughter in Honolulu. She and her family visited me this summer. For this I am thankful. I have enjoyed many of your sermons; however, I am at my own church when you broadcast.

Sincerely,
Mrs. D. M. Routt,
Sullivan, Indiana.

* * *

And now we bring the Mail Bag to a close with these words from Mr. F. H. Schnell, of Motorola, Inc., and Captain, United States Reserve:

My Dear Dr. Bradley: Never, never give up your belief and your teaching to humanity. I suppose some people would call this preaching, but there is a vast difference between preaching and your method of penetrating the soul of the individual.

* * *

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

Along the Way

(*Continued from page 7*)

evening in our home when he was playing in Chicago; a great man!

H. B. Kaltenborn spoke for us once, when he was hardly known and was practically at the beginning of what has become a most distinguished career.

Norman Thomas; Prof. John Dewey, with whom I had a most interesting correspondence and spent many an interesting evening.

Rev. Maude Royden, the great British woman preacher, who was associated with Dr. Joseph Fort Newton in the City Temple of London, during the first World War. An interesting episode occurred the Sunday evening Dr. Royden preached for me. The church was packed to overflowing and a voice in the top balcony shouted down to Mrs. Royden "I can't hear you." Mrs. Royden raised her face and turned toward the speaker from the balcony and said, "Don't worry, you aren't missing anything."

Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dean Shailer Matthews, who preached for me while I was taking a post-Easter holiday, T. V. Smith, Bishop Ivan Holt Lee, Dr. L. P. Jacks, Dr. Frederick May Eliot, Dr. Wallace W. Robbins, The Most Reverend Bishop Sigurgeir Sigurdsson, The Bishop of Iceland, Mayor William Hale Thompson, Mayor William Dever and Mayor Martin H. Kennelly, Senator Paul Douglas and Senator Wayland Brooks; and I could go on and on, but already I have trespassed on my available space. All these and many others have been in our pulpit. Each name brings back a memory. One of the great joys in living a life with many contacts is the meeting of many people in various degrees of life, which enriches and deepens one's own philosophy.

I must close and I will be with you again next month.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

NOVEMBER

1—Two Weddings. One Funeral.
2—Peoples Church. Morning Service.
Peoples Church. Opening Evening Service. 29th Year.
3—Meeting Board of Directors, Chicago Public Library.
Sick calls.
5—Opening Book Lecture, Peoples Church. 20th Season.
Opening of Bazaar.
6—Peoples Church Annual Bazaar.
7—Peoples Church Bazaar.
One Funeral.
8—Two Weddings.
9—Two services, Peoples Church.
One Wedding.
10—Two Funerals.
Visited Bazaar of North Side Animal Shelter.
Dinner with officers I.W.L.A.
11—One Funeral.
Hospital calls.
Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Bradley at Peoples Church.
12—One Funeral.
One Wedding.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
13—Address. Institute for Industrial Launderers. Palmer House.
Dinner, Oak Park Club.
Address. Installation of officers, Fair Oaks Lodge, A.F.&A.M. Masonic Temple, Oak Park, Ill.
14—Funeral.
15—Two Funerals.
Three Weddings.
Address. Ladies of the Grand Army. Hotel Sherman. Honoring National President and National Secretary.
16—Two services. Peoples Church.

17—Two Funerals.
Address. P.T.A. Field School.
18—Invocation. Allied Theatre Owners' Association. Hotel Morrison.
Address. 35th Anniversary. Mutual National Bank. South Side Swedish Club.
19—Address. Reciprocity Day. Cicero Woman's Club, Cicero, Ill.
Funeral.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
20—Sick calls in Hospitals.
21—Address. English Speaking Union.
Address. Kane County Bar Association. Baker Hotel. St. Charles, Ill.
22—Funeral.
Two Weddings.
23—Two services. Peoples Church.
24—Address. Hotel Sales Management Association. Grand Ballroom, Drake Hotel.
Meeting, Board of Trustees, Chicago Public Library.
25—Address. Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. Ballroom. Hamilton Hotel.
Address. La Grange Woman's Club. LaGrange Masonic Temple, LaGrange, Ill.
26—Address. Chapel Service. Park Ridge School for Girls. Park Ridge, Ill.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
27—Annual Thanksgiving Service. Peoples Church.
Two Weddings.
28—Sick calls.
Radio conference.
Wedding.
29—Two Funerals.
Wedding.
30—Two services. Peoples Church.

FUNERALS

1—Clifford L. Stocklin.
7—Fred Roberts.
10—John F. Novak.
Adolph J. Sabath.
11—Mrs. Eliz. Davies.
12—Rexford L. May.
14—Harry H. Atkinson.
15—John C. Brockman.
Miss Viola Luce.
17—Mrs. Ruth Blachly.
Rudolph J. Zajicek.
19—Mabel Howse.
22—Irene Wolf.
29—William Mapes.
Astrid Rusch.

WEDDINGS

1—Mary J. Morales and
Gonzalo Neira
Henriette Zeene and
Robert Gregor
7—Florence C. Goe and
Harold McDaniel
8—Gladys Larson and
Albert Hehl
Florence Tree and
E. R. Anderson
9—Emily Harla and
Albert Karpes
12—Sienna M. Van Horn and
Ralph H. Tueschel
15—Victoria Prokop and
Walter Peters
Amelia Gloria Tossi and
William O. Thrasher
Mary Anderson and
Walter Whitman
22—Delores Grodins and
John Sequeira
Eleanor P. Fifley and
Robert Stanton
27—Pauline R. Melton and
Wayne Hunter
Olga Dakanavicz and
Anthony Pocius
28—Miss C. N. Tangye and
E. J. Link
29—Ursula Zirbel and
Charles Cusimano

CHRISTENINGS

2—Patricia Lynn Sup, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sup.
9—Glee June Harbart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harbart.
16—Banessa Joyce Fluker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Fluker.
23—Ruth Suzanne Goetz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Goetz.

NEW MEMBERS

(The following names were omitted through error from the list of new members given in the December Liberalist as admitted to membership on Sunday, November 2nd, 1952.)

Mr. Clifford Carter
Mrs. Charles C. Rountree

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, January 5—Literature Department. Book Review ..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, January 19—Civilian Defense Department ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—January 30th, Show of "Fun and Nonsense" ..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Meeting Tuesday, January 13 ..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director
In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of High School age) 1st & 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club, Secretary, Henry R. Wandrey, 2244 S. Hamlin Ave.
CRawford 7-7104

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service ..... 11:00 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

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Chicago 40, Illinois

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